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V. H. H. Newman.

30 28

SHIP A HOY!

A Ballad.

Written by

Thomas Moore Esq.r.

Arranged by

P. K. MORAN.

NEW YORK Published by DUBOIS & STODART No. 167 Broadway.

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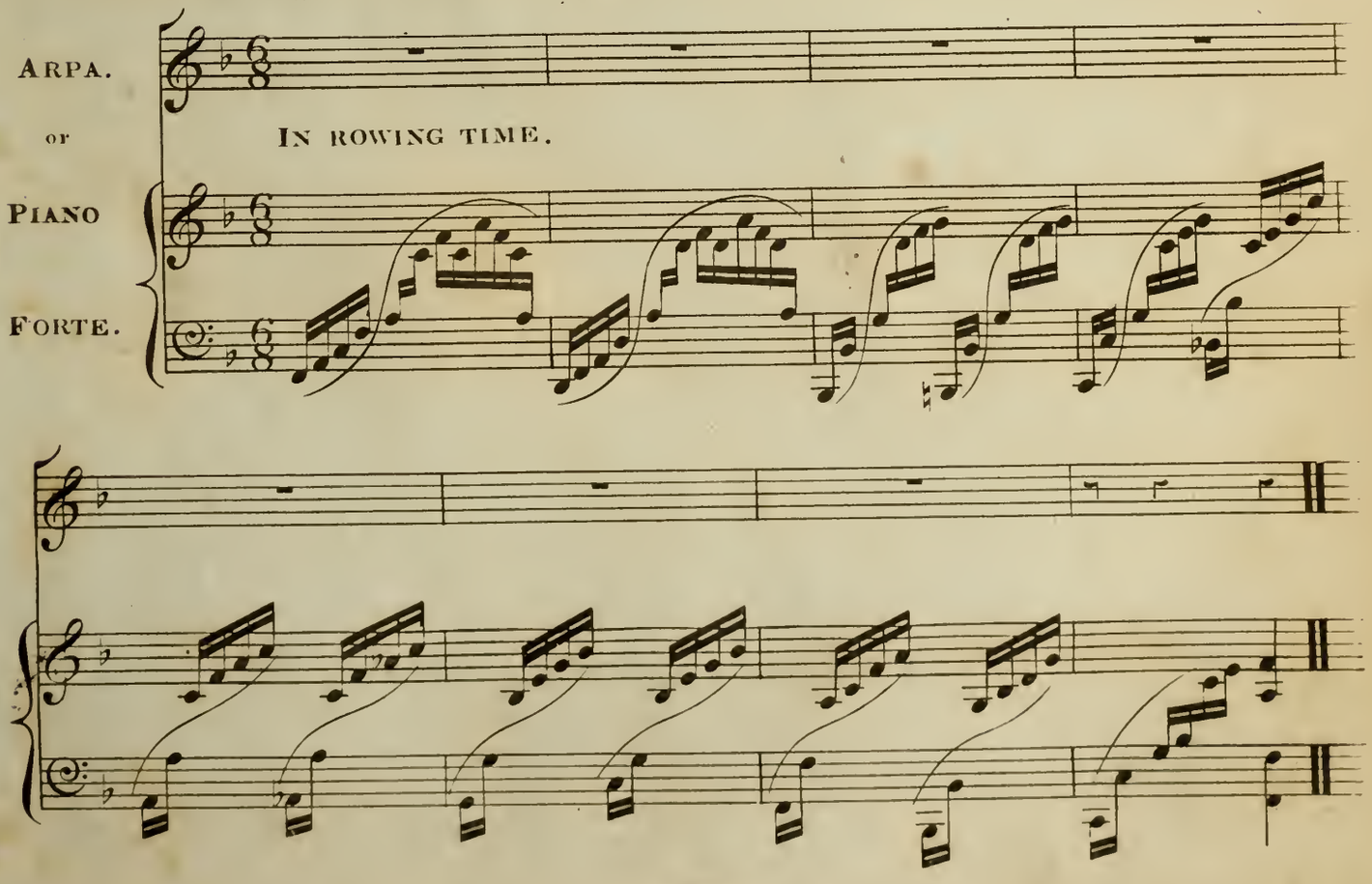

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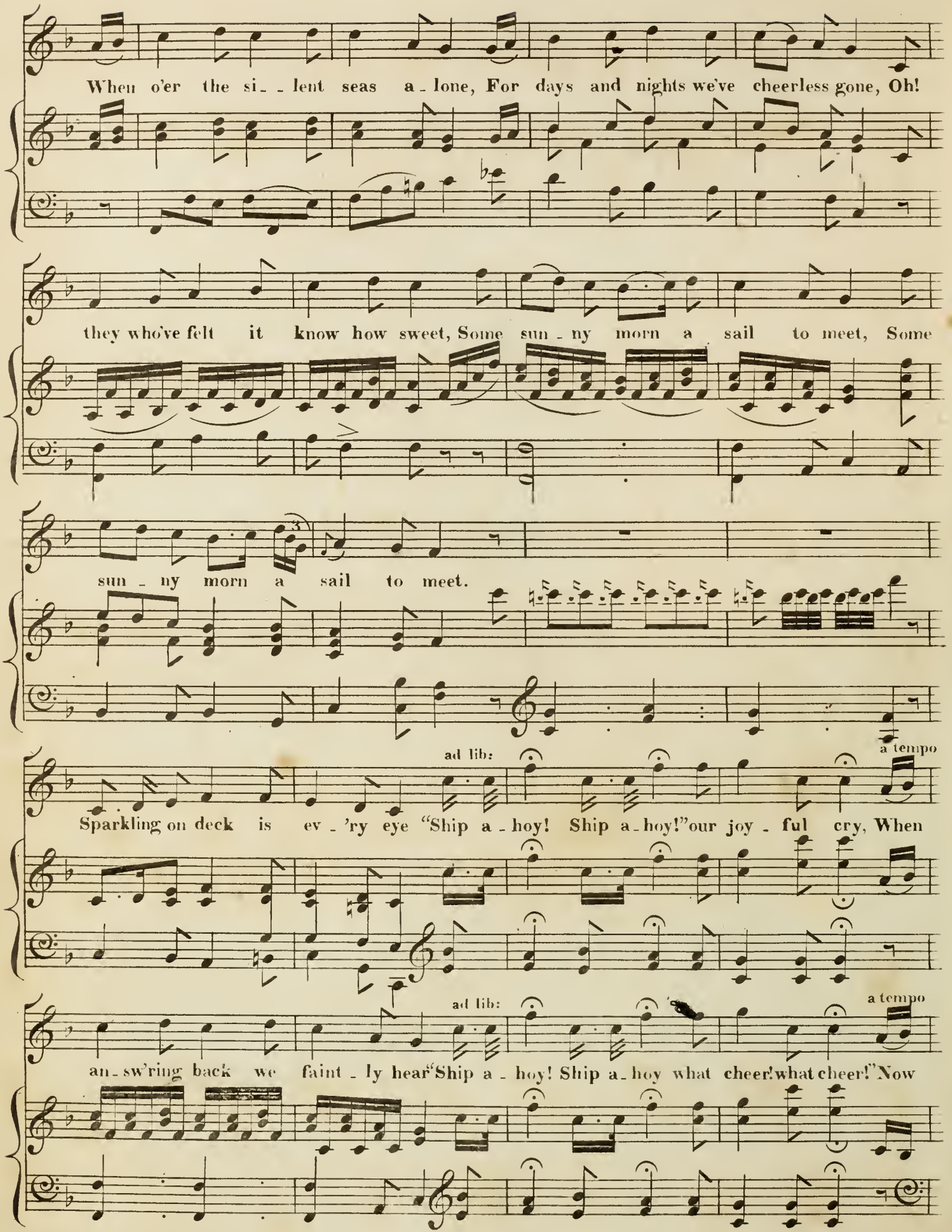
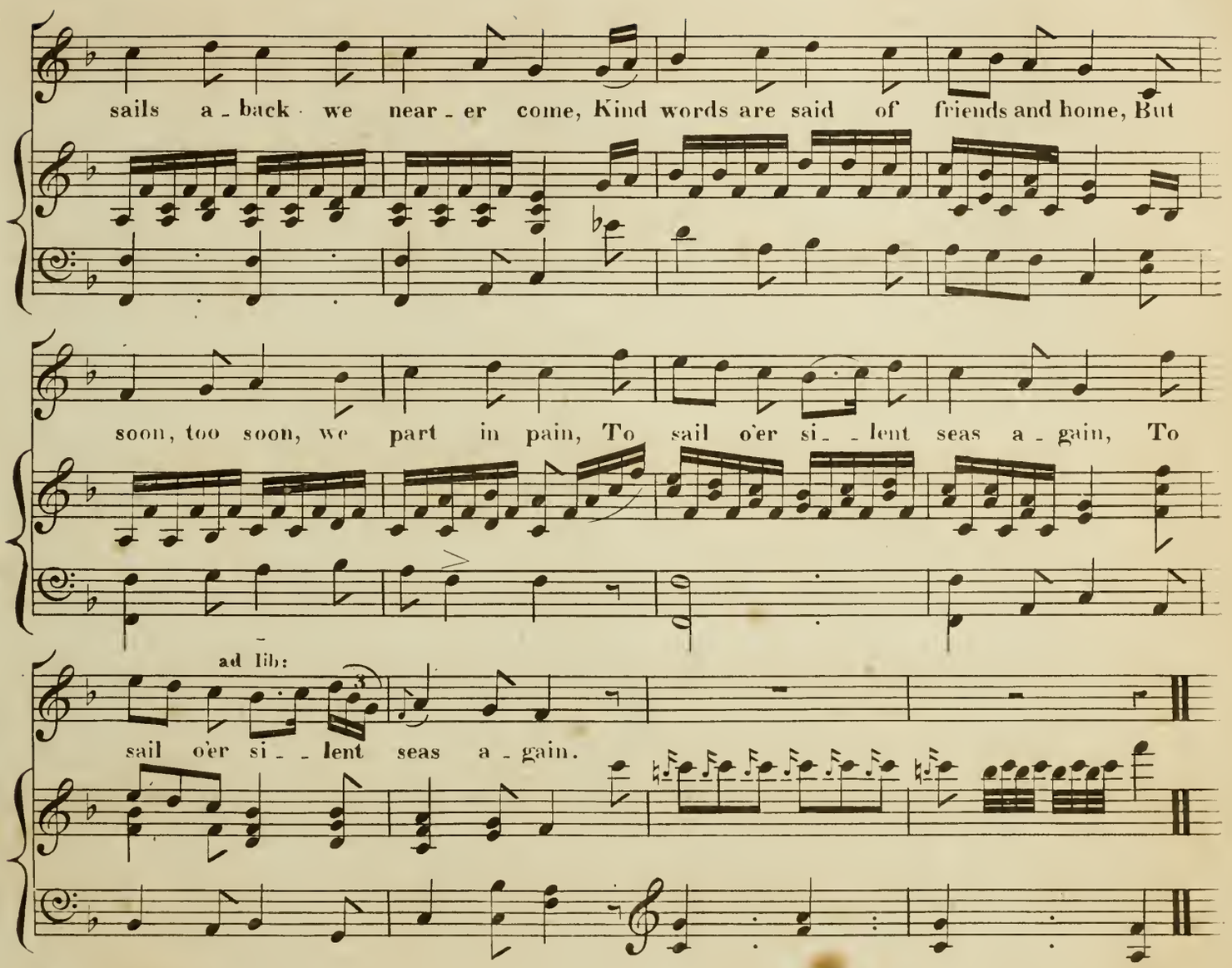

When o'er the si_ _ lent seas a_lone, For days and nights we've cheerless gone, Oh!
they who've felt it know how sweet, Some sun_ny morn a sail to meet, Some
sun_ny morn a sail to meet.
ad lib:
a tempo
Sparkling on deck is ev_'ry eye "Ship a_hoy! Ship a_hoy!"our joy_ful cry, When
ad lib:
a tempo
an_sw'ring back we faint_ly hear"Ship a_hoy! Ship a_hoy what cheer!what cheer!"Now

sails a - back we near - er come, Kind words are said of friends and home, But
soon, too soon, we part in pain, To sail o'er si - - lent seas a - gain, To
ad lib:
sail o'er si - - lent seas a - gain.

2

When o'er the ocean's dreary plain,
With toil her destin'd port to gain,
Our gallant ship has near'd the strand,
We claim our own, our native land,
Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout,
"Land ahead! land ahead! look out! look out!"
Arous'd on deck we gaily fly,
"Land ahead! land ahead!" with joy we cry,
Yon beacon's light directs our way,
While grateful vows to Heav'n we pay,
And soon our long lost joys renew,
And bid the boistrous main adieu.

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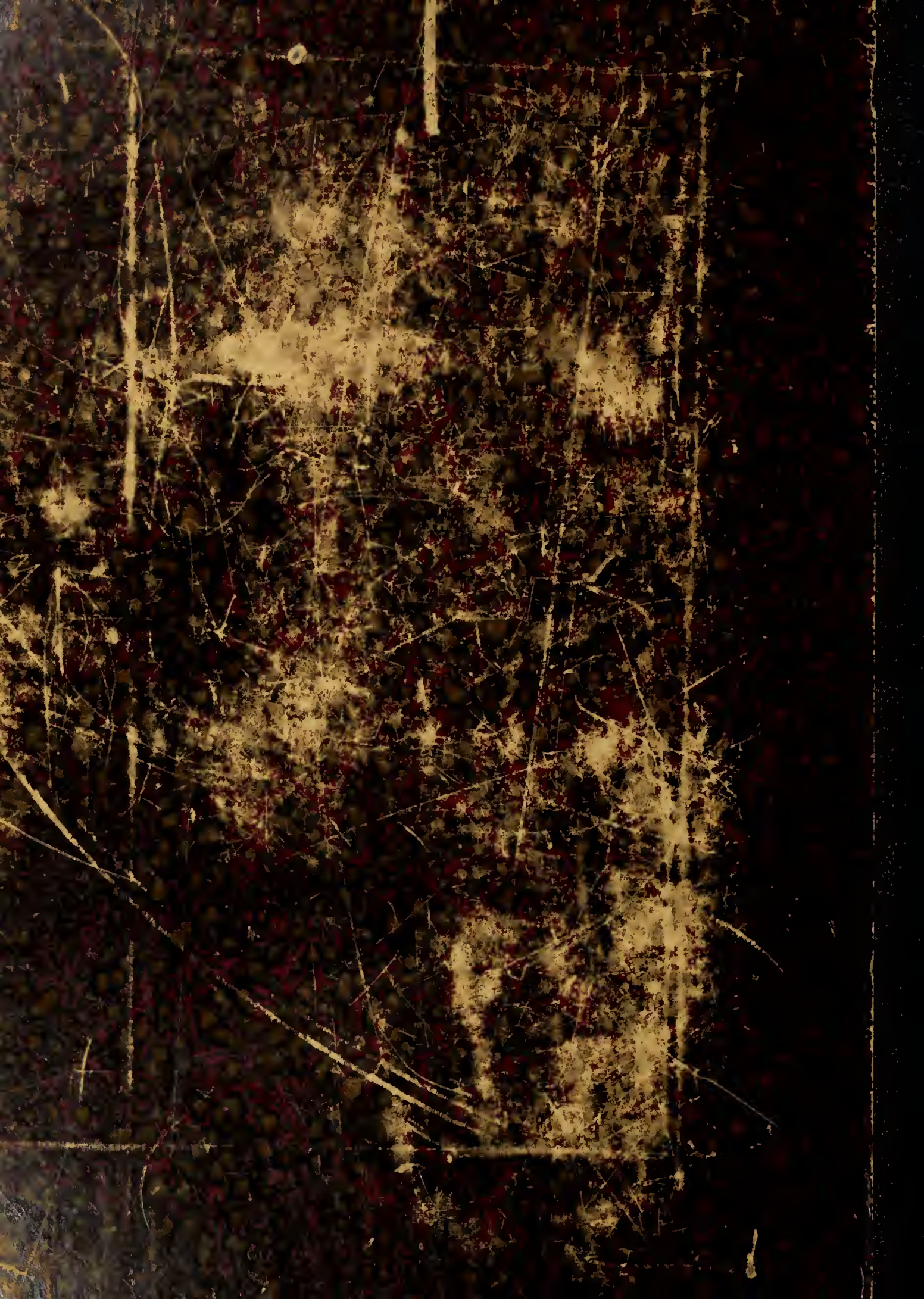
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